



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

cerity of Valerio, rendered it the more humiliating to himself. His heart, closed to sentiments of affection, did not feel the need of responding to these advances. "If Bianchini has lied," he said to himself, "if Valerio has not treated me ill this time, he has done so every day of his life, and he despises me now, at this moment, in tendering thus a protecting friendship, and the forgiveness of a fault. Since I have gone so far as to express myself, I must persist in it." For a long time already, Bozza had writhed under his connection with the Zuccati, and he longed for an opportunity to break it.

"You have never offended me, Messer," replied he, coldly. "If you had done so, I should not confine myself to quitting you. I would demand satisfaction for it."

"And—*pardieu*! I am ready to give it you, if you persist in thinking so," added Valerio, who was well aware of his apprentice's dissimulation.

"There is no need of that, Messer, and to prove to you that if I do not seek a quarrel, it is not from timidity I avoid it, I will give you a reason for my leaving you, which may not unlikely displease you a little."

"Speak on," said Valerio, "tell the truth always."

"I have to inform you, master," resumed Bozza, in the most pedantic and cutting tone he could assume, "that this affair is a question of Art, and nothing more. Perhaps it will cause you to smile—you, who despise Art—but for myself, prizing nothing above it in the world, I am compelled to advise you that I am one ready to sacrifice the most agreeable of all relations to a desire to make progress in it, and soon become a master."

"I do not blame you for that," said Valerio; "but, in what respect is thy progress hampered by me? Have I neglected to instruct thee? And, instead of employing thee, as masters are wont to do, upon the subordinate work of the school, have I not treated thee like an artist? Have I not placed before thee every possible opportunity to improve thyself, and confided to thee interesting and difficult portions of the work, suggesting to thee the best manner of proceeding, as zealously as if thou hadst been my own brother?"

"I do not deny your complaisance," replied Bozza, "but, at the risk of appearing somewhat vain to you, I am forced to avow, master, that the manner which seems to you best, does not satisfy me. I not only aspire to be the first in my Art, but beyond that, to develop the Art, as yet so imperfect in our hands, to a degree of excellence, the realization of which I feel within myself the means of accomplishing. Permit me, then, to discontinue your system, and follow my own. A voice from within commands me to do so. It seems to me that I am destined for something better than to follow in the footsteps of another. If I fail, do not pity me; if I succeed, I will, in my turn, refuse thee neither my aid nor my counsels."

Valerio, so free from vanity, not divining that this discourse was conceived with the special purpose of wounding his feelings, repressed a strong inclination to laugh. He had often noticed the excessive *amour propre* of Bozza, and now he thought he must be laboring under some delirious phantasy. Thus did he account

for the agitation of the morning; and, on reflecting upon the baleful character of this passion, and how prolific it was in suffering, he had the generosity not to rally him upon it too openly.

"If that is the case, my dear Bartolomeo," said he, smiling, "it appears to me that, by remaining, thou wouldst be in a better situation to counsel and aid us, and we to profit by thy counsels. As thou art never opposed in thy labors, there is nothing to prevent thy perfecting and improving thyself at will. If thou makest any improvement in our Art, I can promise thee, that, far from ignoring it, I shall be delighted to profit by it on my own account."

Bozza felt that, notwithstanding his complaisance, Valerio was slightly making fun of him. Vexed at having attempted to be provoking, and its resulting only in ridicule, he could contain himself no longer, and answered in such a bitter tone so frequently, that Valerio lost all patience, and ended by saying:

"In sober truth, my dear friend, if that was a manifestation of thy genius—that extraordinary and lamentable performance of thine this morning, when I left the basilica, I trust sincerely that Art may continue to retrograde in our hands, rather than to make such progress in thine."

"I see well, Messer," replied Bozza, irritated at all his petty schemes having recoiled upon himself; "that you are not a dupe to the pretexes I invented this morning to cause our separation. I hoped to displease you, in order that you might discharge me, as well as to enable you to avoid the mortification of being quitted. I regret that you did not comprehend the generosity of this proceeding, and that you force me to tell you openly I cannot remain an hour longer in your school."

"And the reason of your departure then remains impenetrable?" said Valerio.

"Nobody has the right to demand it of me," said Bozza.

"I might compel you to fulfill your engagement," replied Valerio: "for you have contracted to work under my direction until St. Mark's day; now drawing near; but it does not please me to have anybody work under constraint. You are free!"

"I am ready, Messer," answered Bozza, "to offer you any indemnification you may exact, for I fear nothing so much as the existence of any obligation."

"You will have to resign yourself to it, however," said Valerio, returning his salutation, "for I am resolved to accept nothing whatever from you."

Thus master and apprentice separated. Valerio watched him depart as he paced to and fro, much agitated, under the arcades; then, suddenly seized with grief at the sight of so much coldness and ingratitude, he returned to his labors, his face bathed in tears.

Bozza, on the contrary, went to visit his mistress, treating her that day with more than ordinary kindness. He felt light-hearted—almost gay: his breast seemed freed of an enormous load; it was the load of gratitude so insupportable to the proud of heart! He fancied he had triumphed over the past, and was about to enter, with sails spread before the wind, upon the glorious independence of a brilliant future.

BOUQUETS.

In few matters of ornamental life do we see such glowing violations of taste, as in the arrangement of flowers. In other times, when bouquets were used in a well-understood language, to express the tender sentiments, a rude bundle of flowers might be excused. But, in these unromantic days, when proffers of love are no longer told in the floral tongue, such disorderly jumbles are no longer tolerable. Those bell-shaped nosegays, where a large variety of beautiful flowers are squeezed together, crushing their delicate forms, and mixing their colors as we stir in the ingredients of a pudding, are indications of exceeding vulgarity. One of these maltreated bunches of flowers, arranged without a single sentiment of beauty, or a perception of an artistic truth, is not an unapt type of that fashionable grade of society who idly trust to others what it should be their pride, as it would be for their welfare, to do themselves. To us, whether dangling in golden holders under the nose of a fashionable belle, or pelting a prima donna, they are objects of grief and derision. We would as soon have another tell our love as arrange our flowers.

In the sweet liberty of the country, where the modest beauty of Nature instructs the taste, flowers are strewn about in graceful freedom. Allowed to hang pendant from the vase, they curve in easy lines, always in faithful companionship with the grass and leaves of their native resorts—often the tender mementos of some sentimental experience of the pleasant places where they grew.

There are some general principles connected with the arrangement of flowers, which, if not instinctively felt by every one, should at least be understood. Those who press flowers into missiles wherewith to pelt prima donnas, we presume are beyond the reach of our strictures; but to those ladies who delight in their beauties and would arrange them with taste and elegance, we desire to suggest a few points. Leaving other considerations to the dictates of their common sense, we shall speak only of the laws of color.

The Art of the landscape-painter and the florist, as far as colors are concerned, consists in the employment of unions and contrasts, so as to produce harmony, and in a particular exaggeration of the one or the other, so as to add to harmony, expression or character.

Considered philosophically, there are three primitive or simple colors, red, blue, and yellow—and three compound colors, green, purple, and orange; the three first being so called because by a union of any two or three simple colors, compound colors are produced, as green by mixing blue and yellow, purple by red and blue, &c. Black, for practical purposes, is the absence of all color, and white, the negative combination of them all. Violet is sometimes considered as a color; but this seems unnecessary, as by means of reds and blues, mixed together, are produced all possible shades of purple; as, also, by means of blue and yellow, all shades of green. Black is produced by the absorption of all the rays, and white by the reflection of them all.

Now, the grand principle in the use of colors in quantity, or in equal quantities, is never to employ a compound color be-

tween the two primitive colors which compose it. For example, purple ought never to be employed between blue and red; green between blue and yellow; or orange between yellow and red; but each primitive color should be contrasted with its complementary one, which will always be found to be a compound one. Thus, red is a primitive color, but green is a compound one; yellow is primitive, and purple compound; and blue, primitive, and orange compound. In some cases, where one color is employed in a large quantity, and another in a very small quantity, one primitive color may be opposed to another, with good effect. For example, adjoining a mass of blue there may be a speck of red, or of yellow. This doctrine holds good more particularly when masses of compound colors are employed; and thus nothing is finer in effect than a mass of green with two or three specks of red, or of bright yellow. A solitary red flower in the midst of a field of green grass, is an object of great beauty. If we consider black and white as primitive colors, the same doctrine will apply to them; and thus specks of bright light, or of clear black, may be placed adjoining, or among objects of any color whatever.

In disposing of an assortment of flowers, with a view of producing a general harmony of coloring, the same colors should recur at least thrice in the same nosegay. One of these masses of color ought to be larger than any of the others of the same kind; and the other two masses or specks ought to be of different sizes, and not so far distant from the first, or principal mass, as not to be easily recognized by the eye. This necessity for three or more portions of color, of a principal mass, and of secondary ones, is derived from the principle of a whole; for to constitute this there must not only be parts, but a predominating part.

Thus, in arranging flowers, not only in bouquets, but in conservatories and gardens, each color should be carried on in the same manner, and according to the same rules of art, as a painter would use in painting a picture. The green is carried throughout the whole naturally by the leaves; but the reds, the blues, and the yellows, or any of their intermediate shades, should be so arranged as to carry each color on throughout the whole, to satisfy the eye.

In the disposition of flowers and trees, a perfect black seldom, if ever, occurs; indeed, it is believed that there is no such thing in nature as a perfect black flower; but the very deep browns and blues in flowers, and the very dark evergreens in trees, may be treated as blacks. These, with whites, which are abundant in flowers, and to be found on trees with silvery foliage, may be sparingly introduced everywhere; but never in masses, when the end to be attained is gaiety, variety, or beauty. Fine woods are objects of gloom and grandeur, and plantations of silvery willows, or other white-leaved trees, are scenes of great sameness and insipidity. When single pines occur, or single willows, or groups of two or three of either class of trees, they become objects of a different kind, and are either picturesque, elegant, varied, or even beautiful, according to their own particular forms, or the surrounding circumstances. Thus a pine, backed by a

near hill, appears of a lighter green, while a white willow, backed by the sky, appears of a darker blue. As a general rule it may be stated then, that large masses of dark in flowers, as well as trees, are more productive of effect than large masses of white.

This subject might be pursued further with advantage, perhaps, but enough has been said to enable the experienced reader to observe for himself. A person who has a natural feeling for colors will have already arrived at the results we have pointed out. By bearing these principles in mind, no great errors can ever be committed; but to obtain the most beautiful effects of mixture of colors in flowers, there must doubtless be a certain degree of natural taste for colors; or a considerable share of experience in their use in artistic work.

Harmony, whether in colors, sounds, or forms, is alike produced by the union of concords and discords on certain general principles, which are easily laid down; but the application of which, so as to produce a superior effect, can only be obtained by minds endowed by Nature with taste and genius, and highly cultivated by art. But, notwithstanding, these rules are sufficient, if adhered to, always to produce a good result. A badly-arranged bouquet is instantly detected by the educated eye, to which it becomes an offensive object.

"Titan ennobled men; Correggio raised children into angels; Raphael performed the more audacious work of restoring to woman her pristine purity. Perugino was worthy of leading him by the hand. I am not surprised that Rubens is the prime favorite of tulip-fanciers; but give me the clear, warm mornings of Correggio, his large-eyed angels, just in puberty, so enjoy. Give me the glowing afternoons of Titian, his majestic men, his gorgeous women, and (with a prayer to protect my virtue) his Bacchantes. Yet, signors! we may descant on grace and majesty, as we will; believe me there is neither majesty so calm, concentrated, sublime, and self-possessed (true attributes of the divine), nor is there grace at one time so human, at another time so superhuman, as in Raphael. He leads us into heaven; but neither in satin robes, nor with ruddy faces. He excludes the glare of light from the sanctuary; but there is an ever-burning lamp, an ever-ascending hymn; and the purified eye sees, as distinctly as 'is lawful, the divinity of the place. I delight in Titian; I love Correggio; I wonder at the vastness of Michael Angelo; I admire, love, wonder, and then fall down before Raphael."—*Cardinal Albani.*

REVERENCE FOR AGE.

BY JUSTIN WINSON.

Come, thou! oh, gentle youth! leave off thy vain conceits,

Go, take your old man by the hand, and ask
How he has borne him through this worldly task;
And how life's gall was tempered by life's sweets.
Slowly and weak his heart pulsating beats,
That once was swelling high in pride and hope;
Know that the muscles now too loose to cope
With perill, once were strung in manly feats.
Know that the memories that round him cluster,
Read like the legends of the buried Past.
Though mind and eye have lost their former lustre,
They yet may try your horoscope to cast;
To point the path to take, the one to shun,
What best to do, and what to leave undone.

ORIGINAL AND NATIONAL POETS.*

THE originality of poets, and the nationality of poems, are topics that have been started for new discussion, since the publication of Professor Longfellow's last poem. We have a word to say upon the two points before we come to the poem.

The previous works of our Cambridge poet have been abundantly picked to pieces, both by friends and opponents; and a thought here mated with a thought there in some other poet—a form of expression here set off against a similar one there, and even whole poems paralleled, almost section by section, with those of other poets. The "Building of the Ship," is placed beside Schiller's "Casting of the Ball;" "Evangeline," beside Goethe's "Hermann and Dorothea;" "The Golden Legend," beside "Faust," and this new production is, rightly or not, pronounced the counterpart of some Scandinavian or Finnish poem: or, with a more sweeping comparison, his whole works are charged with Germanisms in thought and feeling. "If all this is true, Professor Longfellow is the veriest pilferer imaginable—a plagiarist, beyond comparison." Such is the assertion of his detractors, to which they require an unqualified yes or no. The question cannot be answered so hastily, we think; and, even allowing the "truth" of the introductory clause, we venture to think there should be given to the jurymen a latitude for his decision, beyond the simple verdict the indictment would call for.

Plagiarism presents itself to us in manifold lights. We premise we are not of that class of critics, who, as Coleridge says, imagine that every ill they find flowing comes from a perforation in another man's tank. It is not that we feel the sting of Sir Walter Scott's rebuke, that it is "a favorite theme of laborious dulness to trace coincidences, because they appear to reduce genius of the higher order to the usual standard of humanity, and, of course, to bring the author nearer to a level with his critics;" for we like this searching for similarities, and the corroboration of our suspicions concerning them, as a literary recreation; and a harmless one, too, we deem it, if we can avoid the vanity the quotation hints at, and can look, with an eye to plausibility of accident, after we have found them. We also can listen, without wincing, to the round *Johnsonness* of the Rambler—"When the excellence of a new composition can no longer be contested, and malice is compelled to give way to the unanimity of applause, there is yet this one expedient to be tried, by which the author may be degraded, though his work be revered"—for we hold ourselves as standing in due reverential regard for the author of the poem before us, as well as for the production itself.

The boldest and greatest plagiarists, it is well known, are the greatest of writers—those who can afford both to presume on their favor with the public, and on their own genius, that what they may borrow will speedily become, as it were, a part of themselves, and by a perfect assimilation, go forth again to the world as part and

* (*Song of Hiawatha*, by HENRY W. LONGFELLOW. Boston: Ticknor and Fields).